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You don't have to stew around to get them ready. Open the can and you'll find them moist, fresh and delicious. They're delicious either hot or cold.

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Send for postage and we will send you a sample can.

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DR. ROSS' LOST MANHOOD

A Positive Cure for all cases of LOST MANHOOD and all other ailments of the male sex. It is a positive cure for all cases of LOST MANHOOD and all other ailments of the male sex.

For sale by Hartz & Ullmeyer, 301 Twentieth street.

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PEACEFUL GUERRILLAS

Survivors of Quantrell's Band of Missouri Partisans.

SWORDS TURNED TO PLOWSHARES.

Husbandry Engages the Attention of Many of the Men Who Harvested Heads in 1863. Thrilling Exploits of Pool, Gregg, Taylor and Jarrett.

Opinions differ yet as to the character of William C. Quantrell. Fighting under a black flag, refusing to ask or grant quarter, he has been regarded by many as a human beast who killed for the love of slaughter and who was simply one of those monsters who are cast up by the wars of all rebellions. In the eyes of his friends he was a patriot who gave his life as a gallant defender of the south.

Whatever estimate the world may place upon him, the fact remains that he was the central figure of the greatest guerrilla or-



DAVID POOL. JOHN JARETT. FLETCHER TAYLOR.

ganization the western world has ever seen, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Gregg, Tod, and Fernando Scott, William Haller, Bill Anderson, Dave Pool, Coleman Younger, George Maddox, William Gregg, John Jarrett, O. Shepherd, John Thrallkill, the James brothers—Jesse and Frank—and a hundred others who rode with him to battle.

Of them all a score, perhaps, remains. Tod, Anderson, Scott, Maddox and Shepherd are dead. Those who live are scattered through the west. Nearly all are prosperous citizens, living lives of quiet industry, honored and respected by their neighbors.

Among the survivors, aside from Frank James and Coleman Younger, Dave Pool is probably the best known. He lives today at Phenix, A. T., where he conducts a freighting business, and where he has the friendship and confidence of all who know him. Pool was the man who succeeded to the command of the guerrillas under Shelby when George Tod was killed.

Early in the war Pool had distinguished himself by an act of personal courage which had attracted to him the attention of Quantrell, who always had an eye out for acts of bravery. In one of the minor engagements Pool saw among the Federal troops a tall, raw boned soldier, evidently a plainsman, who was dressed in a full suit of buckskin. Singling him out, Pool made a dash for him, and instead of shooting him, as he would have done ordinarily, he ordered him to surrender.

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Bill Gregg, another survivor of the band, is a prosperous farmer in Lafayette county, Mo. No man is more highly respected or more universally liked by those who know him. A grim, quiet man was Gregg, who rode at a fast pace to battle without a tremor. Immense activity and a capacity for enduring fatigue distinguished him. Whenever there was fighting to be done, he was always at the front, and it was only after a battle that he took time to talk. He was essentially a man of action. Warm hearted in private life, he was inflexible in war.

John Thrallkill is in Mexico, rich in mines and cattle and a power with the Diaz government, which he helped to establish. Going there with Shelby, when the latter cut his way out of Missouri at the close of the rebellion, Thrallkill chose to remain. He fought against Maximilian, and later joined his fortunes with those of Diaz when the latter was riding into power on the crest of a wave of revolution.

Fletcher Taylor, who lives in San Francisco, was one of Quantrell's fiercest fighters. Born in southwest Missouri on a farm, he passed his boyhood among the boys. Early in the conflict he lost an arm—shot away by a bullet from a carbine—but he fought on with even greater pluck and determination.

In the winter of 1863, with two companions—Boon Schull and Will Hulse—Taylor was nearly trapped near Independence. Surrounded in the house of a friend by a detachment of federal troops, the three guerrillas were cut off from their horses and ordered to surrender. Rushing from the house, they reached their horses under a galling fire. Raw and untired, the horses became unmanageable. The shouts of the men and the roar of the guns frightened them so that they plunged about until Taylor and his companions were unable to mount. Slashing the halter which fastened his horse with a knife, Taylor leaped into the saddle, and, firing a pistol with each hand, held the Federals at bay until his companions could escape. As they disappeared he gave his opponents a parting volley, and with a cheering cry leaped his horse over the orchard fence, leaving the troops who had tried to surround him to gaze in open mouthed astonishment at his rapidly retreating form.

Later he rode alone into Lawrence disguised as a trader in live stock to investigate the numerical strength of the garrison and report to Quantrell. The town at that time was filled with Union troops, and every avenue was guarded by a cordon of pickets. Frightfully supplied with money, Taylor remained a week at Lawrence. He mingled freely with the soldiers, drank and dined with the officers, and in this way was enabled to gather all the information desired by his chief. It was a ticklish piece of work for a man even of Taylor's dare devil nature, but he carried it out with such boldness and cunning that no one in the doomed town suspected for a moment that the liberal, good natured man who lounged about the bars and hotel corridors was other than he seemed.

His report to Quantrell settled the fate of Lawrence, and the day following his return to the guerrilla camp Quantrell and his men swept down upon the town, killing and burning with a ferocity terrible even for them.

who probably never knew the meaning of the word fear. Of all the men who rode with Tod and Quantrell, Jarrett was probably the most tireless. To immense energy he added the physical strength of a giant and a contempt for danger that was remarkable even among the desperate men who harried the border. An unerring marksman, he seldom missed his man, and it is related of him that he could hit a silver dollar five times out of six with a revolver while circling a tree at full speed on horseback.

In the winter of 1863 he and Bill Gregg, with six companions, came upon eight Federal troopers in a trading inn on the main road from Kansas City to Leavenworth. Five were in bed, and the others were grouped about a blazing fire, indulging in stories of the war. Gregg remained without to guard the horses, while Jarrett and his men boldly entered the house. Jarrett, without a parley, killed every trooper as they sat or lay and then shot the landlord, who made a show of resistance. To complete the work Jarrett set fire to the house. The flames, rising high in the darkness of the winter night, aroused three companies of cavalry, who were stationed near, and within an hour the country was again with armed men. The chase grew hot, and Jarrett and his followers were forced to ride like demons to escape the avenging wrath of the men whose comrades had been killed at the inn. The guerrillas literally shot their way back to the camp of Tod, near Kansas City, and for miles the road along which they fled was strewn with bleeding corpses.

John Barnhill, who was with Quantrell when the latter met his death in Kentucky, is living at Independence, Mo. Tuck Hill is in the Indian Territory, where he conducts a cattle ranch and is fairly prosperous. Frank James, of whom so much has been written, is now a member of a St. Louis theater. Coleman Younger and his brother are serving life sentences in the penitentiary at Stillwater, Minn.

HERE'S TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

The Conscienceless Cupidity of John C. Stone and His Confederates.

When John C. Stone confessed at Fort Wayne a short time ago to an appalling list of crimes in which he had been implicated, his story was generally discredited on account of the enormity of the offenses named, but corroborative elements came from Buffalo, Kansas City, Youngstown, Erie and other cities, and it seems that his story has probably about as much truth as such confessions generally have.

A more desperate and unscrupulous crowd than the gang Stone was identified



JOHN C. STONE.

with would be hard to find. They robbed whoever fell in their power and never hesitated to murder when there was even the slightest prospect of getting money. Here are a few items from Stone's confession, which illustrates the matter of fact manner in which he and his confederates pursued their villainous trade:

"One night at Wyandotte, Kan., we met a man on the Sixth street bridge whom 'Fingers' asked for a match. As he reached for his pocket for the match, 'Fingers' knocked him down, and we took his watch and money and then threw him into the river. A policeman who happened along just then saw the affair and came running up. I knew him, gave him the watch and told him not to say anything about it. He said he didn't care whether the man was dead or alive."

"Old Stewart told her to bring the man to the house, which was on Fulton street, near Lorraine, that night. She brought the man, and we got him drunk and cut his throat and threw his body in the cellar. We got him drunk and cut his throat and threw his body in the cellar. We got him drunk and cut his throat and threw his body in the cellar."

"We got on a freight train and about half way to Youngstown the train stopped, when we got out and built a fire. A man came up and stood at the fire to warm himself. He was well dressed and said he was going to Youngstown to see his mother. He lived near Ashland, but I didn't hear his name. We all got on the same car, and near Youngstown we held him up, getting \$35, and then threw him off. He was found an hour afterward, and died the next morning after telling the story."

"At Pittsburgh Warrath and I met one Charley Campbell in a poolroom. He said he was a traveling man. One night while we were walking to a park I held him up for a gold watch and \$300."

"When we got to Battle Creek, on the Grand Trunk, there was a trainload of drunks instead of the purveyor. The court of appeal at Erfurt has just sustained the lower court in fining a thirsty man 75 cents for drinking a glass of beer at a tavern during the hours of divine service."

No Sacrament For Bloomer Women. Paris women who wear bloomers on knickerbockers when riding bicycles will be disqualified from receiving the sacrament of the church, according to the instructions issued to the clergy by the cardinal prelate of Paris.

The poison dagger, a weapon still in use among the aborigines of Brazil, is fashioned of the leg of a serpent.

HE ROBBED THIRTY WIDOWS.

Many Banks Also Were Swindled by Forger A. K. Ward.

Augustus Kenneth Ward, the Memphis forger and embezzler who was recently arrested in Guatemala, was one of the most daring and ingenious swindlers who ever robbed the widow and the orphan.

About 15 years ago a small, keen eyed man landed in Memphis and embarked in business. This man was A. K. Ward. He



AUGUSTUS KENNETH WARD.

made friends rapidly, paid strict attention to business, was an expert accountant and an enthusiastic church and Sunday school worker. A few years later he married the daughter of S. C. Toof, the head of the largest printing establishment in the city. Shortly thereafter Ward interested several capitalists in a concern to be known as the Memphis Barrel and Heading company. S. C. Toof, J. L. Wellford and Colonel Williamson were the principal stockholders, and Ward was made secretary, treasurer and general manager.

Affairs seemed to be prospering with the concern until the death of Colonel Williamson, when suspicious paper came to light. Ward, seeing that exposure was inevitable, loaded brokers with his paper, gathered up several thousand dollars and secretly left Memphis on the 15th of October last. On the 17th forged paper was turned down at one of the local banks, and the story of the flight was told in public print. Then the victims were heard from until \$300,000 of the spurious paper had been located, \$75,000 of which was held by local banks, \$12,000 by New York banks and the remainder by individuals. Thirty widows were caught in sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000.

Ward headed for South America from New Orleans, sailing with his wife for Puerto Cortez. Negotiations were then begun through the state department for the extradition of the forger. Meanwhile the courts were flooded with litigation growing out of the forgeries, the victimized parties claiming that Ward was empowered to use the names of the directors of the Memphis Barrel and Heading company to raise funds to carry on the business.

The forgeries were skillfully executed and upon a novel system, Ward securing the signature of one director and forging the other two, and repeating the performance ad libitum, negotiating the paper with the banker of the director whose signature was genuine, thereby keeping all parties in the dark as to the great bulk of the spurious paper in existence. Probably the last put into circulation before the flight was a joint note for \$4,000, forged of course, which was shamed 25 per cent by the broker placing it.

HAD THE PREACHER ARRESTED.

An Actress Objects to Pulpit Criticism and Sues For Libel.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Pullman of Bridgeport, Conn., thinks the sensational libel suit against him by a pantomime actress was brought for advertising purposes. It is a pretty good ad., and Dr. Pullman started it by denouncing the woman from his pulpit in terms rather strong even for a sledge hammer preacher. As a result a young woman sued him for \$25,000 damages.



REV. JOSEPH PULLMAN.

ages, and a sheriff accompanied the doctor to prayer meeting the other evening, while friends hustled around for bail.

Dr. Pullman has been in Bridgeport about four years and has championed the cause of the Law and Order league, led a crusade against saloons, raised the A. P. A. cry, come out as a political strategist and has kept himself in evidence generally by his activity wherever there was room. He has been designated as the "hero of the beer bottle episode," in recognition of an exploit at his former home, New Britain, where he bought a bottle of beer on his way to church one Sunday morning and exhibited it in his pulpit as an illustration of excise law enforcement.

She Was Fond of Sardines.

A short time ago a woman in Paris became violently insane on the street and was sent to an asylum. Her apartments in the Rue Rambuteau were then visited. An intolerable stench pervaded them. The demented woman had completely "cleaned" them with empty sardine boxes, which emitted the peculiar perfume. There were four cartfuls of these odorous boxes.

Drinking Costly on Sunday.

The Sunday law in Germany hits the drinker instead of the purveyor. The court of appeal at Erfurt has just sustained the lower court in fining a thirsty man 75 cents for drinking a glass of beer at a tavern during the hours of divine service.

No Sacrament For Bloomer Women.

Paris women who wear bloomers on knickerbockers when riding bicycles will be disqualified from receiving the sacrament of the church, according to the instructions issued to the clergy by the cardinal prelate of Paris.



Couldn't Stand Upright.

June 11th, 1894.

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GENTLEMEN: For about ten years I suffered with a pain in my back which I thought was caused by a strain. Sometimes it got so bad I could not stand upright or ride in my buggy. I read in your almanac of symptoms that I recognized as my own, which led me to the conclusion that my trouble was disease in the kidneys. I immediately began using

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S

LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM.

It proved to be the right medicine and reached the spot. I soon lost all pain and have better health than ever before. It is more than a year now since I quit using it and have not had a pain or sick day in all that time. It is certainly a wonderful medicine for the kidneys.

Yours truly,

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Cut Flowers and Designs of all kinds.

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PINEOLA COUGH BALM

Is excellent for all throat inflammations and for asthma. Consumption will invariably derive benefit from its use, as it quickly soothes the cough, renders expectoration easy, soothes the inflamed membrane and restores the system.

There is a large percentage of those who suppose their coughs to be consumption who are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh see Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm 50c per bottle; Pineola Balm 25c at Druggists. In quantities of \$5.00 will deliver on receipt of amount.

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QUICKLY—THOROUGHLY—FOREVER CURED

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are the most powerful, safe, prompt and reliable of this kind in the market. The original and only genuine "Woman's Balm." Ask your druggist if he doesn't keep them. Write direct to us and we will send it direct upon receipt of price. \$1. sealed, by mail prepaid. A. J. Reiss, Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street, Rock Island.

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any skin trouble, Pimples, Bores, Eruptions, Itch, Scabs, etc., or any other skin disease? If so, you need Ely's Cream Balm. It is the only remedy that will cure them. It is the only remedy that will cure them. It is the only remedy that will cure them.

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